

ROBINSON CRUSOE

65

which they would have concluded
that some
inhabitants had been in the place,
and perhaps
have searched farther for me. Then
terrible
thoughts racked my Imagination
about their
having found out my boat, and
known
thereby that there were people
here; and
that, if so, I should certainly have
them come
again in greater numbers, and
devour me;
that if it should happen that they
should not
find me, yet they would find my
enclosure,
destroy all my corn, and carry away
all my
flock of tame goats, and *I* should
perish at
last for mere want.

In the middle of these
apprehensions and
reflections, it came into my
thoughts^one day
that all this might be a mere
chimera of my
own, and that this foot might be
the print of
my own foot, when I came on shore
from, my
own boat. This cheered me up a
little too>
and I began to persuade myself it
was all a
delusion; that it was nothing else
but my
own foot. Again I considered also

that I
could by no means tell for certain
where I had
trod, and where I had not; and
that If, at
last, this was only the print of my
own foot, I
had played the part of those fools
who try to
make stories of spectres and
apparitions, and